

way he watered the Garden of Eden the best; and so he sends the great fog that hangs like a mighty cloud over earth, and for days submerges us. After the fog—oh, how sweet the bright glorious sunshine, and how warm and tender old mother earth grows, as she yields her bountiful harvests!

In every picture there must be some shadow, and especially is this so in rugged mountain scenery. It is the shadow that brings out the strong points in the picture, and enables us to see the contrast between light and shade.

So it is with the dark, foggy days in our lives. The fog is sent as a beneficence to soften and mellow earth's landscape, to give us a contrast between the light and shade in our picture, and cause more abiding trust in him who sends the lightning's flash, the snow and hail, sunshine and shadow—all fulfilling his will.

The sweet, homely words of James Whitcomb Riley come to me as I think of the fog that drapes mother earth at this moment—and I would make them mine.

"Now, what I'd like and what you'd like is plain enough to see—

It's jest to have old Providence drop 'round on you and me.

And ast us what our views is first, regarding shine or rain,

And post us when to shet her off, er let her on again!

And yit I'd ruther, after all, considern other chores.

"I got on hands, a-tendin' both to my affairs and yours—I'd ruther miss the blame I'd git a rulin' things up there, And spend my extra time in praise, and gratitude, and prayer."

Floral Manse, N. C., January 16, 1909.

Wm. LAURIE HILL.

The very worst possible advertisement any city can make of itself, one that will repel rather than attract, that will keep desirable people away rather than bring them in, is for a number of its business men to be brought together, ostensibly as a "Business Men's League," but really as a combination to resist laws governing racing and the liquor traffic or to so modify them that these two evils may have greater freedom to curse the community. The gambling class and the liquor dealers are smart in inventing specious titles and in so disguising their methods and purposes that their real end is not suspected. A "Liberty League" was the medium they used, largely in Ohio and adjacent states, not long ago, with many who were from pure motives drawn into it for a time, only to discover that in reality it was a liquor league. A "Model License League" is now posing as the advocate of everything good, just so the saloon is retained and so every one now sees what it really means. It has even tried most piously to give instruction to the preachers on the interpretation of the word of God! And now come "Business Men's Leagues," instituted, organized, and run for the purpose of supporting the race track and the saloon for the temporary custom these bring and the class of people they attract to the community. Such a league devoted to the real commercial interests of a city can be of untold benefit, but allowing itself to take up the cause of the horse racers and saloonists it becomes an absurdity.

Selections

ENLARGED PRAYERS.

"Let a man take care that the circle of his petitions grows wider every week," says Rev. J. H. Jowett. "The pathos and the tragedy in many Christian lives is this: their prayers are no bigger today than they were twenty or thirty years ago. Spiritual hospitality is no richer; there are no more guests in their hearts. Prayers of that kind become very stale, for a man must become weary of the same company from day to day and from year to year. Let him give himself a surprise by introducing an outsider into the holy circle, some neglected vagrant who rarely comes within the petitions of the saints. Let Christians scour the world for needy people, and let them bring them under the influence of mighty intercession."

FAR-SIGHTED.

The Christian, above all others, should be a far-sighted man. His view is not bounded by the limits of the current week or year. It is not bounded by the grave. He may be rich or poor, as God determines; but he is always rich toward God. In trouble he has a stay. In calamity he has goods which can not be taken away from him. He will do his work in the world with care and diligence; but always with the courage which is born of faith and nourished by love. And out of this faithful and courageous life the flower of joy will spring. The things that really matter can not make against his peace. As for the rest, has he not committed his whole life to the all-powerful, the peace-giving Father? And in that confidence he comes to rest of heart.

YOUR FAITH FORMS YOU.

You can not believe little things, and do great things; you can not believe in half successes and accomplish whole ones. A man's faith sets the boundaries of his work. He will do what he believes can be accomplished. Mountains are not subdued by men who stand discouraged at a molehill.

Back of all free action lies some creed, some conviction. All great battles have been fought and either lost or won in the heart. The simple or stubborn confidence that leads to all-conquering effort—this is faith, the vision that vitalizes. The eye of faith sees the prize at the end long before it is reached; the eye of fear looks so closely at the difficulties and dangers of the course that the prize is not seen at all. There is a good deal of fatalism seeking to pass as faith. People say we must have faith in God; let things take their course and they will come out all right. But faith feels the certitude of a harvest because it has first diligently plowed and sown, and because of the goodness which has ever brought the seed-time and the harvest. Your faith forms you. If you do not believe in things better, nobler, purer, how can you move toward them?

You can measure a man's weight in this world by the strength and clearness of his convictions. Poor you may be, friendless, alone, weak, unlearned; but all this